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VEILLEE

A L A

CAMPAGNE:

O R

The SIMNEL.

A

T A L E.

*Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.*

Terent. And. Prol.

L O N D O N,

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V E I L L E

C A M P B E L L



T H E S I M N E L

T A L E

Printed by T. M. and H. C. Cox at the
on the 1st of May 1862

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
George Lord Lempster ;

THIS
TABLE

is Inscribed by his

Most humble Servant.

Votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.

Virg. Georg. lib. 1.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

George Lord Pembroke



THIS

T A L E

is inscribed by his

Most humble servant

Not a part of the original

Vol. George, lib. 11

B

VEILLÉE
A L A
CAMPAGNE:
O R
The SIMNEL.

THE Cushion Dance had clos'd the Ball,
And Tenants grinning left the Hall;
When now each Rosy Nymph and Squire,
Drew up familiar round the Fire.
He told his Tale, She sung her Song,
This was full loud, and that full long.
The Maids begin to warm their Knees,
The graver Ladies what they please.

Sir

Sir *John* puts round a Joke and half,
 The Matrons all resent --- and laugh.
 The Fox-Hunters begin their Cant,
 " Come, all we wish and all we want.
 " Ever wanting, still possessing,
 " Is the Jolly Beggar's Blessing.

But Pleasures most refin'd will tire,
 And mortal Joys could reach no high'r,
 When 'twas determin'd on all Hands,
 To go to Questions and Commands.
 Now Woe betide the giggling Lads,
 That left in haste the Looking Glass;
 And her, whose Shift Sir *John* believes
 Coarser in Body than in Sleeves.

But come, my Muse, yourself a Maid,
 Come to the blushing Virgin's Aid:
 Oh may the Lesson you impart,
 Sink deep into each tender Heart.
 Learn, learn, to tye your Garters free,
 In a flip Knot below your Knee;



Thus

Thus the sage Countess ^a of *Old Sarum*
 Taught all succeeding Girls to wear 'em,
 For by th' eternal Laws of Love,
 Who miss below must search above,
 And the gay Trophy bear from thence,
 King, Lords, and Commons can't dispense;
 Where, if a puzzling Knot be ty'd,
 Oh! may she prove that Year a Bride.

The Fiddlers, at my Lady's Call,
 Play'd up the *Simmel* thro' the Hall:
 When thus Sir *John*: Friends, mark this *Cake*,
 Smooth-shining, of Celestial Make,
 Orbicular; that scorns to yield
 In Circuit to a *Grecian* ^b Shield:
 Or yon cold Moon that seems on high
 A stale Cut-Simmel in the Sky:

^a The Order of the Garter is said to be instituted from the Countess of *Salisbury*, and worn below the Knee in Memory of an Accident that befel that Lady, which the best Lady alive is liable to. The Reader may satisfy himself as to this Point, by consulting Bishop *Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation*, and Bishop *Kennet's Compleat History of England*.

^b *Argolici Clypei aut Phæbeæ Lampadis instar.*
 Virg. *Æn.* iii. v. 637.

By this Heart-cheering Crust, I swear;
 Dread Oath! which Pastry-Cooks may fear:
 This Cake, from which no Baker^c more
 Can e'er steal Paste, no Miller Flow'r,
 Roll'd on its Edge to Clowns shall go
 Untasted to the Shades below,
 Unless yon Sage who seems to tread
 On Earth, whilst Clouds^d enwrap his Head,
 Shakes for a while, at our Desire,
 From his black Tube the Seeds of Fire,
 And to this youthful Train explains
 If aught a *Simnel's* Name contains
 Of hidden Sense; and how that Name
 Came fix'd in the Records of Fame:

Thus he in Accents quaint bespoke
 A Mortal queer as e'er drew Smoke,
 An Antiquarian; who cou'd tell
 The Name of ev'ry Parish-Bell:

^c *Ναὶ μὰ τὸδε σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν ἔποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζα.*

See *Achilles's* digressive Oath in the First Book of *Homer*; which tame modern Critics would have run exactly upon all Four.

^d *Ingrediturque solo, caput inter nubila condit.*

Virg.

Knew

Knew to an Inch, or near the matter,
 Where the last Abbot last made water;
 Was *Oxford* bred, and proud to learn,
 Drank at the Feet of *Thomas Hearn*:
 Thence, where the Learned all resort,
 Went thro' the Honours of *Crane-Court*:
 Free-Mason last; that *Tips the Squire*;
 Let *W-----*, *S-----*, or Sir *H--* go higher.
 Our Wight prepar'd to speak, but first
 ' *Inspir'd by some Diviner Thirst*,
 Grasp'd the full Horn that stood complete
 With Silver Brim on Eagles' Feet;
 And as he thoughtful plan'd the Tale,
 Swigg'd down, in copious Gulps, the Ale;
 The refluent Waves with rushing Wind
 Come thundring from the Curve behind,
 And bursting dash his learned Eyes,
 ' *Which rolling witness'd huge Surprise*.
 Loud Acclamations rend the Dome,
 And Echoes laugh in ev'ry Room:

* Dryden's *Abfolom and Achit*.

† A Verse in *Milton's Paradise lost*.

The empty'd Horn, at ev'ry Pause,
 * *Like hoarse Charybdis roar'd Applause.*
 So when *Æneas* from the Main
 To *Carthage* led his shipwreck'd Train,
Bitias receiv'd, a thirsty Soul,
 From Royal Hands the *Belean* Bowl,
 And as he drain'd th'uplifted Gold,
 Floods down his manly Bosom roll'd,
 Deep whilst th'intent Sea-Captain quaff'd,
 Queen *Dido's* Maids of Honour laugh'd.
 Gravely he wip'd, and in a Tone
 True Antiquarian, thus went on.

There liv'd, quoth he, where *Cuttle-Hill*
 Looks proudly o'er the neighb'ring Mill,
 A Miller once, of merry Fame,
 Call'd --- but no matter for his Name;
 He hunted, drank, and who but he,
 With Squires and Knights of high Degree,
 Yet well could fize his Song or Tale
 To Men and Maidens in the Vale.

* Taken from *Milton's Comus*.

Oft as he fung of happy Groves,
 And Hay-Lofts, and of stolen Loves,
John would forget to whet his Scythe,
 And list'ning *Nan* to steal the Tythe;
 Good Wives, lest they should lose his Song,
 Would keep their Water warm too long;
 Thus he, like *Orpheus*, by the force
 Of Sounds, stop'd Torrents in their Course.

The Miller passing by one Day,
 O'er-heard a fierce domestic Fray;
 Dame *Eleanor*, against the Wake,
 Wou'd have, ay, that she would, a Cake;
 Fresh Eggs she beat, and Cream stir'd in,
 To make a Batter smooth and thin;
 Next Plumbs and Saffron to her Taste,
 With Flow'r, complete the stiftning Paste;
 The Paste rose up with Turrets crown'd,
 A glossy Spheroid flat and round.
 The Oven, incens'd at the delay,

Roar'd, gaping for the promis'd Prey.

D

When

When says the Husband, prithee, Dame,
 Why must we still jog on the same?
 Why, like yon Stumbler with his Pack,
 Still drudge along the beaten Track?
 Better by half twixt me and you,
 To strike out something neat and new.
 E'en take your Cake, I say, and boyl it.
 "E'en be a Fool," *Simon*: 'twill spoil it.
 It won't --- it will --- it shall --- it shan't
 No, by St. *James* our Parish Saint.
 He whirl'd the Ladle, the the Skimmer,
 Then from the Jordan pour'd a Brimmer.
 So when the Capital's in Flames,
 The City's Hopes are from the *Thames*.
 Now all was Diffonance and Jars,
 And Noise, and barb'rous Civil Wars;
 Stool meeting Stool, and Chair with Chair,
Horrible Discord! clash in Air;
 And on the Shelf the clatt'ring Pewter,
 No longer suffer'd to stand neuter,

* The unlearned Reader may incautiously imagine this *Simon* to be a *Christian* Name. No such Thing: This was *Thomas Simon* Brother to one *Richard Simon*, who the most impartial *Rapin* tells us, p. 656. took into his Head to put upon the World for *Richard Duke of York* Brother to *Edward V.* a young Man nam'd *Lambert Simnel*, a Baker's Son. Such restless Spirits are ever for Innovations. The one Brother, *see*, is for making a new Cake, the other a new King.

Plates Dozens after Dozens they heap on;

^h Fell Madneſs never wants a Weapon.

Our Miller now a Magiſtrate,

Cry'd Peace, and ſhook his Staff of State;

You both have well maintain'd the Quarrel,

And You, and You, deſerve the Laurel.

Now Truce; and hear the Means how both

May have your Will, yet ſave your Oath:

We firſt muſt boil and then ⁱ we'll bake it,

No Art on Earth can better make it;

No *French* Cook, no not HE Monſieur

With half Six Hundred Pounds a Year.

I'll warrant --- thus you gain your Ends

With Honour, and now kiſs and Friends.

Learn what I heard a Shepherd teach

Young Swains beneath a ſpreading Beech:

To rule the Matrimonial way,

Is to recede, and to obey.

Both muſt give up a Part, thro' Life,

To Morrow beſt decides the Strife;

^h *Furor arma miniſtrat.*

Virg.

ⁱ That this is Practice, we appeal to all Kinds of Virtuofos, Bakers, and Philoſophers.

Therefore

Therefore, my Dear, let each Side say
 We never will fall out to Day.
 And this Pacific Cake shall bear
 The Names of this now smiling Pair,
 Which all that eat, if they reflect,
^k Shall smile and feel the kind Effect.
^l A *Simnel* be it call'd --- so eat and tell;
 Your Sons this Tale of *Simon* and of *Nell*.

^k *And feel the kind Effect*] The Virtues here ascrib'd to the *SIMNEL*, promoting Love and Family Duties, are the reverse of what a learned Foreigner imputes to the Pancake. The *English*, says he, eat a certain Cake on *Shrove-Tuesday*, upon which they immediately run mad, and kill their poor Cocks, *Quoddam placentæ genus, quo comesto, protinus insaniunt, et gallos trucidant.* As if nothing less than some strong Infatuation could account for continuing so barbarous a Custom among *Christians* and Cockneys.

^l *A Simnel be it call'd*] This natural Etymology of the Word *Simnel* we hope will cut the Gordian Knot, which has so long puzzled the learned World, that it may be justly styled *Opprobrium Criticorum*. *Minsheu* and the great *Meric Casaubon* are clearly of Opinion, that it comes from the Greek *Σειμδαλις*. Ridiculous! Who does not know that our Ancestors, looking upon themselves as Remains of the *Trojan Race* settled here under *Brute*, conceiv'd an utter Aversion to that Language, which they very happily propagated, and which lasts to this Day amongst their Descendants. *Cl. Spelm.* derives it from *Similago*; the worthy Knight might as well have derived it from *Semiuslus*, alluding to a Misfortune to which this Cake is most liable. See Sir *Kenelm Digby of Cookery*. The ingenious *Skinner*, in his *Etymologicon*, and the no less to be admir'd *Franciscus Junius Francisci Fil.* contends for its being deriv'd from *Semel Meel*. But next to our own we should prefer the Conjecture of a Professor at *Groningen*, who will have it come from *Samen Maal*, *Cibus prolificus*: Which Opinion, I am told, is confirm'd by the long Practice of an eminent Surgeon; who found in great numbers of young Men his Patients, that, after feeding heartily upon this most excellent Cake, *Vasa Seminalia*, (to use the Language of the learned *Hoffman*,) *mirum in modum adimpleri*. Which he demonstrated by a certain Operation call'd by the *Greeks* emphatically *χαρρυία*.

F I N I S.

